

# Good Morning 392

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**Dick  
Gordon  
says here**  
"HOLLYWOOD'S  
NO ROSY BED"

**H**OLLYWOOD gets called the miracle city—the city of great opportunity, and by a hundred other tags.

Celluloid city, often a vehicle to success, is a land of heartbreak, distress and degradation. Only a few get the breaks—and they usually come the hard way—the rest go back to mother, or, more frequently, to the ranks of the down-and-outs.

I have a case in mind—they called her Hollywood's luckiest girl; she had the body beautiful, brains, and the breaks. Her name—Frances Farmer.

Six years ago she was on top—a loving husband, money, fame, and countless friends. Recently she was committed to a Seattle asylum.

Here is the sordid saga. And when you've read it, don't tell me she was always different—born that way. Frances was unique, inasmuch as she was singularly sane—that's all. She was well educated, and wanted to act.

She never wanted to be in movies, and no star ever reached the studios by a more fantastic route. As an earnest young college student, she entered a popularity contest solely because it offered a trip to Russia for a prize.

She won, she made a trip to Russia, and on the ship that brought her back she was offered a screen test.

Frances Farmer didn't give a hoot about a screen test. She simply longed to act in high-brow plays. Hollywood seemed her best hope of storming the live theatre, so to Hollywood she went.

That's where the trouble started. They don't like rebels there. The only director who understood her was Howard

Farmer carried from Court.



Frances Farmer at the peak of her fame

Hawks, who once remarked, "This girl is different. She thinks!"

She had her first success in "Come and Get It," and married the handsome, blond Leif Erikson, who adored the theatre, too.

**W**HEN other stars were touring the niteries, Leif and Frances stayed at home reading plays and poetry and leading a very simple life. Hollywood didn't get it. But Frances vowed, as always, that Hollywood was wrong.

It was Clifford Odets, then Luise Rainer's husband, who first offered the hazel-eyed young actress a part at the Group Theatre, New York. Leif went with her for a while, then he went back to Hollywood.

Alone in New York, Frances fell violently for a producer, who was mildly interested, but nothing more. Frances, who never did things by halves, lavished on him the hero-wor-

ship she'd once reserved for Ibsen, Tchekov and Shaw.

All day she sat around and watched a 'phone that didn't ring. That's when she started drinking. . . . Leif Erikson got a divorce.

If she'd stayed away from Hollywood at that time she might still have been all right. But Frances went back to the film colony, and had her first crack-up.

She hoped to get away from all her troubles. Misunderstood and lonely, she soon acquired lots more.

On location in Mexico City they found her wandering naked round the hotel at night. Next day she walked about with hair dishevelled and her stockings full of runs. She'd eat eight slabs of cake and down twelve sodas at a meal.

**B**EFORE the camera, of course, she'd fluff her lines. The other players still describe with shudders how she stood with trembling lips and tear-filled eyes, unable to recall a single line.

Police sent to arrest her for drunken driving had to chase her, minus clothes, through her hotel.

When the judge questioned her about her drinking, she screamed, "I put liquor in my milk, I put liquor in my coffee and liquor in my orange juice. Do you want me to starve to death?"

He gave her a six-month prison sentence, but doctors found her mental and moved her to a sanatorium. Three months ago she seemed much better, and her mother took her home.

They promised her a honey of a part on Broadway if she'd snap out of it, but she just didn't seem to care. There were more scenes, more outbursts, and eventually her mother had to give the struggle up.

Last month a horrified film colony gossiped about Frances Farmer being in trouble again, and for once what the film colony said was true.

The luckiest girl in Hollywood, they used to call her. . . . Revere.

To-day, in this new Series, meet

## Wonder Warriors of King Willow

★ ★ ★

**E**VERY cricketing county in Britain can place before the public men who have gone down in history as "truly great" stars of King Willow. In most cases, if a list were drawn up, it would take weeks to examine thoroughly. Nottingham claims to be in that fraternity.

Of recent years Nottingham's greatest star has been a fair-haired, medium-sized, broad-shouldered young ex-miner, with a good turn of speed. As a sportsman he gained world renown.

Harold Larwood started his cricketing career while playing for the team raised in his little Nottingham village of Nuncargate.

As soon as he had left the pit, he would rush home, wash, often go without his tea, and hurry off to practise with the local cricketers.

His natural talent, coupled with his out-of-the-ordinary enthusiasm, resulted in Joe Hardstaff, the former Test player and father of the present Notts and England star, recommending young Larwood to the County. That was in 1923.

Three years later he was in the England Test team against Australia!

His record from then onwards is known to most, yet his greatest bowling feat is familiar to only a few. During the course of an England v. Tasmania match in 1928-29, Larwood, with one of his dynamite-packed deliveries, knocked a bail 66 yards!

Hours of practice, good living, and a desire to always improve, were the reasons for Larwood's success. A troublesome foot injury brought about his retirement from County and Test cricket, but the "family circle" of Nottingham cricket is known to almost everyone.

Rare is it that a team takes the field without a Hardstaff, a Gunn, a Staples, or a Lilley. We have come to look upon these things as part of cricket.

England has never called in vain to Nottingham for a star. Larwood is a case in point. So was James Shaw, who many years ago was one of the most talented bowlers in cricket. He

could bowl at almost any angle, and this often resulted in some very strange wagers.

For instance, during a hectic Surrey match a wealthy Nottingham merchant said to a Surrey squire that Shaw could bowl as well backwards as he could when facing the batsman.

"I'll wager you five hundred pounds that Shaw couldn't bowl one Surrey player if he bowled with his back to him," said the squire; and to his surprise the Nottingham man accepted the challenge.

The following evening, after the County match had been concluded, James Shaw "backed up" to several Surrey men—and with his first three deliveries secured three wickets—all bowled!

It was this feat which probably gave Notts wicket-keeper, Charlie Brown—known as "Mad Charlie"—the idea of developing his backward bowling. For hours every evening he practised this, and just laughed when people asked him why.

During one match the game became so slow that a group of birds settled down near the crease and pecked away at the grass. Suddenly one of the Nottingham bowlers sent down a wide, and Charlie Brown, ever on the alert, threw himself at the speeding ball.

He missed the ball—but caught a starling in full flight!

Soon after this incident, when he thought he had perfected his "backward bowling," Charlie challenged two Leicestershire sportsmen to a match; they could bowl in the normal way, while he bowled backwards, said Brown.

They put down £50 a side; the money being held by the Leicestershire men's friends. With three deliveries, Charlie Brown bowled out his opponents, knocked up the necessary runs—and discovered that the men holding the prize money had run away!

They were in reality in league with the "welshers." After that the wicket-keeper forgot all about his strange bowling feats and decided to stick to stumping!

These cricketing men of Nottingham would do almost anything for their County and for England, and in this direction Arthur Shrewsbury towered above all others.

A classic batsman, who knew how to use the long-handle when the risks justified such methods, he was recognised as one of the hardest batsmen to dislodge. Once Arthur became "set," it needed a mighty good bowler to secure his wicket.

Towards the closing days of his career it was noticed that he and George Gunn always seemed to have good games

Larwood in action

against Sussex and knock centuries. No matter how brilliant the Sussex attack might be, these two stars would take a century.

The rest of the Nottingham players, according to reliable sources, used to go off for a bathe off Brighton beach when they visited that town and Shrewsbury and Gunn had shown signs of scoring freely!

George Parr is another star associated with Nottingham whose feats are for all to see in the record books. It would need a broken leg and two broken arms to keep him from the crease if his team were in danger.

It was during a match against a Southern County that Parr performed the feat that put him among cricket's immortals. While in the field, Parr, racing around the boundary, saved what most spectators thought was a certain four. But in accomplishing this he fell and strained a muscle so seriously that his captain ordered him to retire.

On the last day of the match he was reading a book in bed, where he had been sent by a doctor, when a friend called in to tell him that the County looked certain for defeat.

"They won't get beaten," said George Parr; and hauling himself on to his feet, he dressed hurriedly and staggered to Trent Bridge.

His team-mates begged of him to return home, but he rolled up his sleeves, put on his pads, and went out to do battle.

Although in agonising pain, he gave a glorious display of free hitting. Sixes ripped from his bat, and one mighty hit sent the ball whizzing over a giant tree. From that day onwards it became known as "George Parr's Tree."

When the Notts master passed away, a twig from the tree was placed inside his coffin. Anyway, as soon as he had passed the Surrey total Parr went out—unconscious—yet the following day he reported for duty!

All the men who wore the Nottingham County Cap were of that breed. . . .

### J. S. Newcombe's Short odd—but true

A Liberator bomber, from which the crew had baled out, flew 2,000 miles from Florida over the Gulf of Mexico before it crashed. Before leaving the plane the automatic pilot was set. The crewless flight lasted twelve hours.

During a London air raid, all the boards of a sentry-box of an anti-aircraft battery were blown away by a bomb, leaving the frame and the sentry unharmed.

The first infantrymen were the soldiers who guarded the person of the Spanish Infanta, and were called "infanteria."

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# I am Cross-examined

## PART 7

I STARTED my diary that evening after dinner. At first I had meant only to write the fullest description I could of Yates. Then I found myself jotting down other notes: details of my visit to my uncle and the drive home, putting in times with query marks, for I still had my alibi very much on my mind.

I recorded my feelings and reactions to various events. The task obsessed me; it gave the relief of confession to be able to write absolutely frankly my fears and hopes and surmises. I stuck down scraps of conversations as I remembered them and kept adding to my notes on Yates, odd comments Jervis had made about him. For example: "J. thinks Y. an experienced crook. Was working in thin, tight rubber gloves in my rooms at P. Gardens, and that's why he took his ring off. Note. Try and trace that horseshoe crest." Another item: "Charles at the Chop House might remember if a man looked in and went out again quick. That would confirm J.'s theory of Y. following me." And again: "Get a description from Pollard of Y.'s messenger who came for the ring."

My diary, if I may call it so, was made up of entries of this kind sandwiched between time tables of journeys, notes on people to whom I had spoken, every person I could recall, and often what they had said.

It was past midnight when I had finished: I had been writing for nearly four hours. I remember that I was dog tired, but not

sleepy; my brain was too active. I decided to take a walk.

I strode along the Beach Path drinking in the tonic air, oddly enough never thinking of my uncle's last walk along that path. It was not until I came to Eastwinds that I thought of him.

The bungalow looked very small and very lonely, and the sight of it brought a sudden return of depression. I wanted to pass on, but somehow I couldn't. The place fascinated me. The thought came to me in a flash: Suppose Yates were there now.

Who can say why one does mad things on impulse? A moment's clear thought should have told me to walk on. Whether Jervis were right or wrong, I could only do harm by loitering about Eastwinds at that time of night. But I didn't think clearly.

I stood motionless by that fence for some minutes, but could detect no further sound. Yet I sensed that there was someone about. Presently, moving with extreme caution, I edged my way to the door leading into the yard. I tried its latch, and it opened. That I thought confirmed my impression. After a time my curiosity got the better of my judgment, and I slid into the yard and stood there for half an hour.

But my patience was exhausted at last; disappointed, cold and stiff, I decided to give it another few minutes and then clear off. And then I heard a really definite sound.

The yard gate was being opened. I heard the soft click of the latch as it was closed. I stood rigid, my heart beating hard. I saw a figure approach the kitchen door, the figure of a woman. I saw her apparently trying a key in the lock and heard a little smothered exclamation of disgust. I saw her stoop down as if to make sure that she had inserted the key properly, then try the door handle.

For a moment or so she stood, just staring at the house as though she were puzzled, and I strained my eyes to try to distinguish something of her costume, but I could not. She was a shapeless form in the darkness, enveloped in a long coat, a woman of middle height and build, as I noted in my diary, moving easily, and curiously silently.

Presently she tried the kitchen window, and despite my excitement, I realised how wise Jervis had been to have new locks and bolts put on the bungalow. But what would he say when I told him that it was a woman, not Yates, who was trying to get in? I felt rather proud of myself. I must have made some noise just then, for the woman suddenly stiffened and her head swung round. I hardly dared breathe.

She stood like that, motionless, for perhaps half a minute, then almost before I knew it, she

## Open Verdict again

### By Richard Keverne

had taken alarm and had vanished.

At last I finished my cigarette, stamped the end out, and went, still quietly, out through the door on to the little lawn, and as I did so a hand fell on my shoulder and a Suffolk voice said: "Well, and what are you doing here?"

A light shone in my face and dazzled me. It shifted and fell on a police uniform. Then I saw that it was Constable Warne who had me in his grasp, and the first glimmerings of the horrible mistake I had made flashed through my mind.

THE normal man would have taken the incident lightly: chaffed the constable for the error he had made, and if the man proved difficult, have become politely haughty and insisted upon being taken to the station at once to clear the matter up. The normal man regards the police as friends, but servants. I was not normal.

I had, I suppose, the criminal's point of view: a fear of the police and a desire to placate and deceive them. That firm hand on my shoulder was no joke for me, it was a something I had dreaded for days.

"It's all right. It's all right, constable," I blustered. "Oh, is it?" he retorted. "I'm Mr. Harborough," I went on. "You know me, surely. There's no reason why I shouldn't be here."

It was a damned fool thing to say, but sheer panic possessed me. I knew what this would result in: it would stir up new police suspicions, start them again trying to hound me down as a murderer, if, indeed, they had ever ceased that task. Warne's answer made my stupidity even more clear, though his grip on my shoulder relaxed.

"No reason at all, sir," he said with formal politeness, "but no reason why I shouldn't ask you what you was doing."

"None, constable," I said. "I happened to be walking by, and thought I saw someone sneaking about in the garden, so I went to look."

"How long ago would that have been, sir?" he asked me.

"Oh, I don't know, a few minutes, I suppose," I said.

"And I happened to be walking by and thought I saw someone sneaking about and come to look, and found you," he responded.

He spoke perfectly civilly, but I sensed a scepticism in the words. I should have laughed the matter off, but my fears

came rushing back again and I retorted hotly:

"Well, there's no crime in my being on my own property, is there?"

"Your own property, sir?"

"Well—well, I am my uncle's executor. I am responsible for the place," I said.

"I see, sir. No, there's no crime in that. And did you find anybody?"

I hesitated for a moment, remembering Jervis' definite wish that the police should not know about Yates, and I lied.

"No. Nobody at all."

"Ah," Warne said in a tone that reminded me strongly of Mace, a tone that as good as said: "You're lying." "Then I needn't detain you any longer, sir. I'll just put in the report—"

"What report?" I interrupted.

"—that you thought you saw

someone nosing about here," he went on unperturbed. "And I'll keep a special eye on the property in future. You never know who's about, and all these unprotected houses and places we've got here in the winter's a great temptation."

"I suppose they are," I agreed, although I knew the man didn't believe my story.

BETH LOCKWOOD came to see me the next morning. I had just finished a very late breakfast, and was skimming a Sunday paper.

I was expecting no visitor except Jervis, and I jumped up in surprise when Mrs. Moon announced: "Miss Lockwood, sir."

Beth gave me one of her ingenuously friendly smiles and apologised for intruding.

"This isn't a social call, Mr. Harborough," she said, "although we are close neighbours and—it's silly to pretend we don't know one another, isn't it?"

She was younger than I had thought her at the Coroner's Court. But she was hard, I felt, and discontented. Nervous, too, I noticed, for her long fingers were fretting.

"I wonder if you'd mind giving Jervis a message," she said.

"Of course," I said.

"I wouldn't bother you, only," she smiled in an embarrassed way, "it's not the sort of message one cares to leave with servants. I want you to tell him he was quite right. I have had the police round to see me."

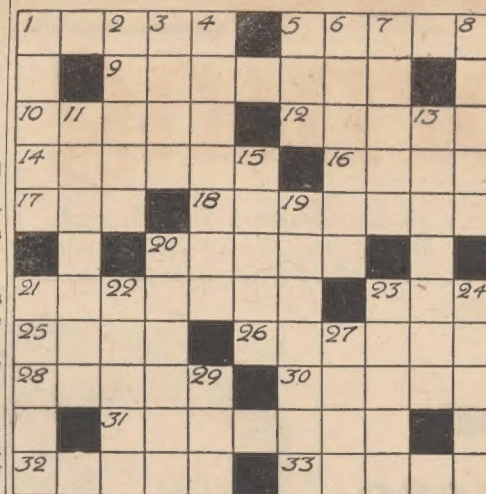
"The police?" I stiffened.

"It's about your uncle," she said, "and my evidence at the inquest. It was an Inspector Mace who came asking me questions."

"What exactly did he want?" I asked.

"Oh, absurd little details about the exact time I saw your uncle, and did I see anybody else, or hear them, or think they were about. Quite obviously he simply couldn't, or wouldn't believe that I didn't take the slightest interest in Mr. Harborough when I passed

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Porcelain.
- 5 Indian province.
- 9 Greatly please.
- 10 Probation.
- 12 Peers.
- 14 Cask-maker.
- 16 Peep.
- 17 Murmur.
- 18 Means of exit.
- 20 Half wooden joint.
- 21 Fencing return.
- 23 Young animal.
- 25 Afresh.
- 26 Run counter.
- 28 Corrupt.
- 30 Divert.
- 31 Restricted.
- 32 Poor.
- 33 Go furtively.

SPOT MULLET  
WAD TOPIARY  
ANDREW KNAP  
BASIN FED I  
C MARINERS  
GET N N DOT  
LAUNCHED S  
E RAY SILAS  
ACTS ASPIRE  
MALAISE DIN  
SMELTS COOT

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Capture.
- 2 Language.
- 3 Tide.
- 4 Says.
- 5 Era.
- 6 Formed.
- 7 Scatter.
- 8 Perfumed.
- 11 Fixed procedure.
- 13 Road measures.
- 15 Declains.
- 19 Parts of shoes.
- 20 About to occur.
- 21 Bird.
- 22 Money.
- 23 Raw.
- 24 Shatter.
- 27 Portent.
- 29 Ballad.

him. And quite frankly I don't believe for a moment that absurd story of Doctor Corby's about his being attacked. Do you?"

She raised her eyes and gazed at me steadily.

"I—I don't know what to think," I said. "You see I hardly knew my uncle, and—well—Doctor Corby was very definite—"

"Doctor Corby is a dear, but he suffers from an exaggerated conscience. The jury had more sense. They know him. That's why they pinned him down to saying that he wouldn't swear that the injuries weren't accidental. Who should want to attack Mr. Harborough? I hope you don't think I'm callous, Mr. Harborough, talking about your uncle's death like this, but I'm so angry. It makes it pretty beastly for you, too."

"Why do you say that?" I asked in a hard voice.

"Stirring up all this sensation again. I know I should hate it if it were about any relative of mine, even if I didn't care a damn for them. But I suppose policemen have to earn their money somehow. I'm sorry you've had this trouble," I said. "Mr. Mace believes it. He is quite sure I was walking about last night—"

"Why?" I broke in suddenly.

"Oh, he's got some story about someone who thought they saw someone trying to break into your uncle's bungalow, and it took me ten minutes to explain to him that I didn't see anybody walking along the Beach Path between midnight and two o'clock this morning because I went to bed at ten o'clock and slept well for a wonder. But, of course, he didn't believe me. Oh, good God! here he is, coming here." She turned from the window a look almost of frenzy in her face.

"Who—Mace?" I questioned, fear in my own heart too.

"Yes. He's at the door. Mr. Harborough, I simply cannot face him again. I've got to get out—how?"

I flung open my sitting-room door and heard Mace enquiring for me. I pointed to the stairs that went to the second storey.

"Get up there till he's in here, then creep down," I whispered.

"Thanks enormously," she answered as she slid past me.

Then I had a second or two to pull myself together to face Mace.

(To be continued)

"Who was your mother?" "Never had none!" said the child, with another grin. "Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?" "Never was born!" persisted Topsy. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

And all my mother came into mine eyes And gave me up to tears. Shakespeare.

## QUIZ for today

1. A seckel is a measure of corn, fruit, necklace, young gull, wine bottle, Hebrew coin?
2. Who wrote (a) Fathers and Sons, (b) Sons and Lovers?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Buick, Alvis, Ford, Cadillac, Amati, Rolls-Royce, Morris.
4. What is a young eagle called?
5. Of what nationality was Christopher Columbus?
6. If you were asked to play a game of basset, what implements would you use?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Sarsparilla, Sardonyx, Sassafra, Sard, Satellite, Sateen.
8. What was the name of our present Queen before her marriage?
9. What popular dance was named after a fruit?
10. How many blackbirds were baked in the pie?
11. What is the official country residence of the Prime Minister?
12. Name five animals beginning with H.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 391

1. Indian soldier.
2. (a) Vicki Baum, (b) Arnold Bennett.
3. But is a conjunction; others are prepositions.
4. Yorkshire.
5. Hekla.
6. Protestant.
7. Misalliance, Mitigate.
8. 1948.
9. Dixie Lee.
10. Egypt.
11. 54.
12. Cumberland, Cambridgeshire, Cornwall, Cheshire.



"Stale, chum, stale! Produce a banana from the hat and the act's booked!"

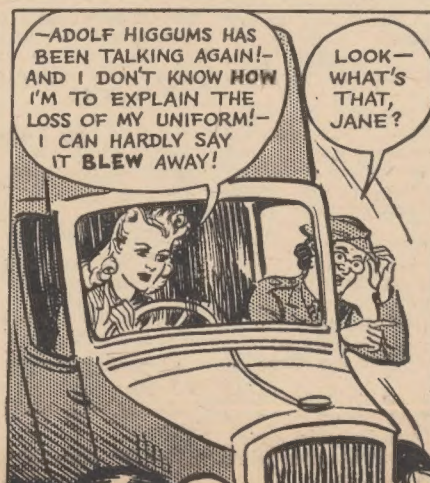
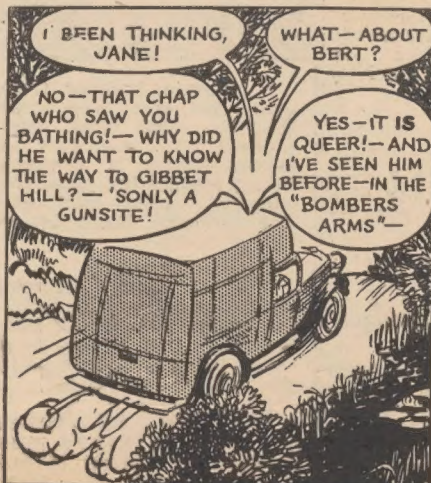
## WANGLING WORDS—334

1. Put keep aside in PS and make some jam.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Mary sojen si hits het strime.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change GIRL into BOYS and then back again into GIRL, without using the same word twice.
4. Find two parts of a church hidden in: When you get the chance, look at Mabel frying eggs.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 333

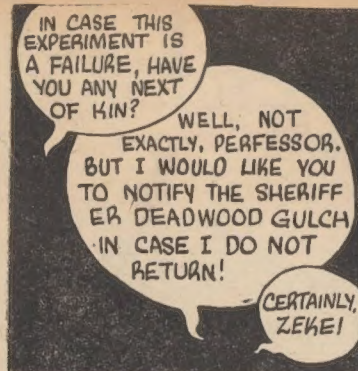
1. Severe.
2. Sweet and low, sweet and low.
3. ROSE, ruse, rush, BUSH, lush, lash, lass, loss, lose, ROSE.
4. Must-ard, Cres-s.

## JANE





## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



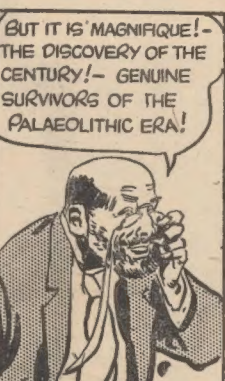
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



AT Salisbury I witnessed an odd competition that had an odd result. A team of men, including a canon, a company director and a banker, beat a team of A.T.S. girls in a cookery competition.

The contest resulted from a challenge between the girls and Salisbury's famous men-only cookery class, organised by the local Education Committee and electricity company.

The men scored 237 points out of a possible 320, and the girls 235. Two girls who got the lowest marks were awarded cookery books as booby prizes.

Competitors had to cook an omelette, pancake, sausage toad-in-the-hole, and a jam tart.

Only man to get full marks—at the cost of a burned thumb—was 40-year-old A. W. J. Cross, an employee of the electricity company.

"My wife is very pleased about my learning to cook," he confided to me. "I think a man's place in the home is not to sit down and let his wife do the work. He should be her partner."

Well, for ever more!



MOST men collect something or other—stamps, blondes, tailors' bills, or pawn tickets. Met a guy the other day who collects autographs—he's been doing it for a score or more years.

He has about nine thousand signatures now. When the war ends he aims at an American trip.

Fred Baron is the name, and only three people have refused his humble requests; they were Stanley Baldwin, Alvar Lidell, and a boxer who had never been heard of.

The third refusal was at a weigh-in at the Queensberry Club last year. On that occasion he got the autograph of Harry Mizler, Freddie Mills, George Parkes, and Ronnie James. Needing one more to complete the page, he asked an obscure Irishman at the bottom of the bill to oblige—he got sworn at for his politeness.

Alvar Lidell, the B.B.C. announcer, refused Baron's request at an Aid to Russia concert. He had captured the signatures of Gerald, Max Miller, and Olive Groves, and then asked Lidell. He refused, saying, "No, no. If I sign your book, hundreds will come round wanting it—and I've got to get away!"

Baldwin broke his promise. The collector approached as he entered the B.B.C. He said he'd oblige when he came out, but Baron waited nearly an hour in the bitter cold, and when he appeared he was waved aside.



AT Southend one summer he asked a man for his autograph, mistaking him for someone else. Two years later he was hanged for murder. His name was Rouse!

Jack Dempsey signed on his way down the gang-plank on his first visit to England. Edgar Wallace made his contribution by post—as promised. Bernard Shaw signed—under protest, of course.

Rachmaninoff signed in a taxi. Pachmann signed while five thousand people awaited his Chopin recital.

Baron missed Leslie Hore-Belisha in the Strand last year because he didn't have his book with him.

Twenty is his average for an evening's work—he's found that the greater the man the easier they are to approach. Patience and politeness comprise his stock-in-trade.



WHEN a submarine crew wrote asking for a series of stories and pictures on local pubs, I volunteered to do the job. As a result, I am now known in the office as P.R.O.—Pub Relations Officer.

Are there any pubs in particular you would like to see or hear about?

Where was your local? Do you ever wonder about the dart team and the landlord? Care for some news of the regulars?

Let me know who and where, and with a photographer, I will go to work.



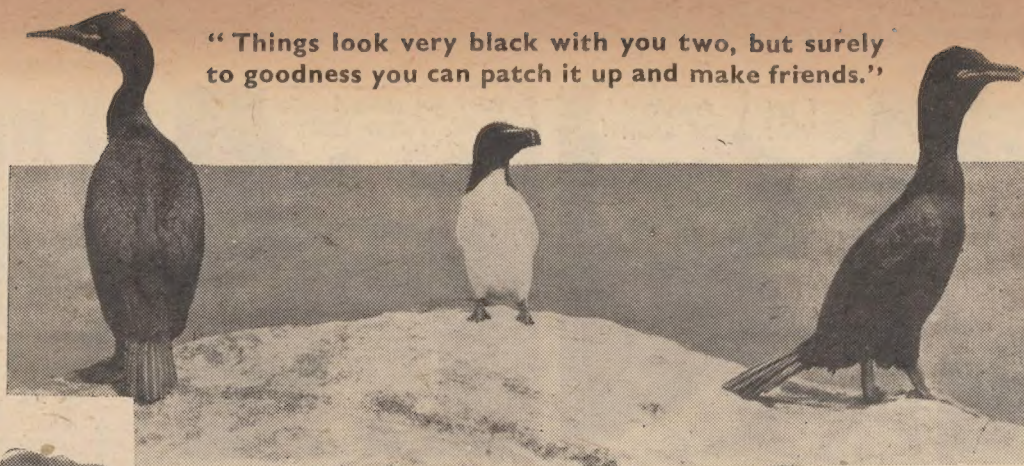
ANOTHER sign of the times can be found in this snipping from a London newspaper: "Some mothers complain that their children have got to like powdered eggs and will not look at the very occasional shell egg for breakfast."

Ron Richards



# Good Morning

Gabrielle Brune, starring in the Palace Theatre show, "Something in the Air."



"Things look very black with you two, but surely to goodness you can patch it up and make friends."

"Oh! for a lovely drink of water. Isn't it grand?"

"Yes, but just think of all the beer we're dragging around."



Quite obviously the young man at the day nursery at Watford believes that "any time is kissing time."



## This Wales

The Scwd yr Eira (Spout of Snow), a pretty waterfall on the river Hepste, about four miles from Pont-neath-vaughan, Breconshire.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Ah! Land of my Fathers."